

THE NEWTOWN BEE.

VOLUME 1.

NEWTOWN, CONN., JAN. 24, 1878.

NUMBER 31

JOHN T. PEARCE, Editor and Manager.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 A Year

The Bee.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
AT NEWTOWN, FAIRFIELD COUNTY, CONN.
A. S. Daniel, --- Pub'r and Prop'r.
J. T. Pearce, --- Editor and Manager.
Subscription Price, \$1.00 A Year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1wk. 2wks. 1mo. 3mos. 6mos. 1year
1 inch, 25 50 1.00 2.00 3.00 5.00
2 inch, 35 70 1.50 3.00 4.50 7.00
3 inch, 45 90 2.00 4.00 6.00 9.00
4 inch, 55 1.10 2.50 5.00 7.50 11.00
5 inch, 65 1.35 3.00 6.00 9.00 13.50
6 inch, 75 1.60 3.50 7.00 10.50 16.00
7 inch, 85 1.85 4.00 8.00 12.00 18.00
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PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

NEWTOWN.
POST-OFFICE.
Mails Open:—From the South, 11 1/2 A. M. and
10 1/2 P. M. From the North, 12 1/2 A. M. and 9 P. M.
Mails Close:—Going North, 11 30 A. M. and 4 45
P. M. Going South, 11 25 A. M. and 4 15 P. M.
CHURCHES.
TRINITY CHURCH.—Main Street, Rev. Newton E.
Marble, D. D., rector. Services 10 30 A. M. Sun-
day School, 12 M. Afternoon service, 4 P. M.
CONGREGATIONAL.—Main Street, Rev. James P.
Hart, pastor. Services 10 30 A. M. Sunday School,
11 45 A. M. Afternoon service, 4 P. M.
CATHOLIC.—Main Street, Rev. Father McArthur,
pastor. Services, 10 15 A. M. Sunday School,
12 30 P. M.
SOCIETIES.
OLIVE BRANCH JEWELRY TEMPLE NO. 1.—Pub-
lic meeting every Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock.
In South Centre Church, corner, offices: Mrs. A. S.
Barnes, Miss M. F. Peck, Secs.
ST. PATRICK'S TAMMERSHIRE SOCIETY.—Rev. Father
James McArthur, President, John Money Vice
President, Thomas Eggar Secretary, Patrick Cain
Treasurer.
NEWTOWN MORGAN ASSOCIATION.—Marcus C.
Hawley, President; Charles B. Taylor, Vice-
President; Mary E. Morgan, Treasurer; Frank P.
Gillette, Secretary and Librarian. Trustees: A.
F. Sullivan, Edgar F. Hawley and Daniel D. De-
catur.
SANDY HOOK.
CHURCHES.
METHODIST.—Rev. James Taylor, pastor. Ser-
vices, 10 30 A. M. and 8 30 P. M. Sunday
School 11 45 A. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday
evenings, 8 P. M.
ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.—Rev. Francis W.
Barnett, assistant minister. Sunday School 12 M. Ser-
vice 1 P. M. Communion service on third Sun-
day in month at 10 30 A. M.
SOCIETIES.
GRANITE LODGE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD
TEMPERANCE.—Meetings hall over H. L. Wheeler's
Furniture Warehouse every Friday evening. Of-
ficers: W. G. Taylor, President; B. Taylor, Vice-
President; W. L. Smith, Sec. 1st; W. L. Smith, Sec.
2d; W. L. Smith, Sec. 3d; W. L. Smith, Sec. 4th;
W. L. Smith, Sec. 5th; W. L. Smith, Sec. 6th;
W. L. Smith, Sec. 7th; W. L. Smith, Sec. 8th;
W. L. Smith, Sec. 9th; W. L. Smith, Sec. 10th;
W. L. Smith, Sec. 11th; W. L. Smith, Sec. 12th.
Hiram Lodge, No. 15, F. A. M.—Meet in Lodge
Room over Furniture Store, every Sunday after-
noon, at 4 30 o'clock. Miss Ella Peck, Sec. F. W.
Perkins, W. C. T.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Newtown & Woodbury Stage Line.
Leaves Woodbury at 7 30 A. M., Southbury at
8 30 A. M., North Woodbury at 9 30 A. M., Sandy
Hook at 10 30 A. M., arriving at Newtown at
11 45 A. M. Up train, and leaves for Wood-
bury on the arrival of the 11 45 A. M. Down train,
and arrives at Woodbury at 3 P. M., the same time
as the Woodbury and Seymour Stage.
Newtown, Aug. 23, 1877.
People's Line.
I offer my services to the traveling public, and can
be found at all times ready to convey passengers to and
from the depot, or to Sandy Hook, and New-
town, at 40 cents. Remember the "G. W. R."
GEORGE REDSTONE.
Housatonic Railroad.
Time Table. To take effect Nov. 12, 1877.
Trains Leave Newtown Going North, 10 45 A. M.,
12 45 P. M., 3 35 P. M., 7 35 P. M., 10 45 P. M.
and 3 35 P. M. trains connect at Brookfield Junction
with trains for Danbury.
Going South, 7 45 and 11 45 A. M., 4 55 and 7 55
P. M. Sunday Train, 7 45 P. M.
Trains Leave Brookfield Junction Going North, 10 55 A. M.,
1 25 P. M., 3 45 and 7 45 P. M., 10 55 P. M.,
and 4 45 P. M. trains connect at Brookfield Junction
with trains for Danbury.
Going South, 7 35 and 11 35 A. M., 4 45 and 7 45
P. M. Sunday Milk Train, 7 35 P. M.
Shepaug Railroad.
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS, commencing
December 3, 1877.
Connecting Train Leave Newtown at 10 45 A. M.
Connect at Danbury at 11 10 A. M. Arrive at
Litchfield 1 15 P. M.
Saturdays an additional Connection is made
with train passing Newtown at 7 35 P. M., with
train arriving at Litchfield at 10 00 P. M.
Leave Litchfield at 3 00 P. M., arriving at New-
town at 6 15 P. M. Connect for Newtown at 6 15 P. M.
Sunday Milk Train leaves Litchfield 4 30 P. M.,
arrives at New- town at 7 15 P. M., connecting
with Housatonic Milk Train.
C. H. PLATT, Sept.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WM. C. WILE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Sandy Hook, Ct.
D. R. N. BETTS, JR.,
DENTIST,
Sandy Hook, Conn.
My Office in Brookfield is opened every Wednes-
day (over L. Osborne's store).
A. E. BARBER, M. D.
Office and Residence, Centre St., Bethel, Conn.
(First House east of Methodist Church.)
HANK P. CLARK, M. D.
OFFICE WITH DR. CLARKE.
Over Railroad Drug Store,
DANBURY, CONN.
OFFICE HOURS:—10 to 12 A. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.
WILLIAM BUIKE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
DANBURY, CONN.
Office in Court House. Office in Brookfield's Bldg.
CELESTIA A. BENEDICT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
201 State Street (Middle Bldg.), BRIDGEPORT.
Electricity one of the Therapeutic Agents.
OFFICE HOURS:
Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. FRANK E. SEELEY,
DENTIST,
389 Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn.
(Next door to Broadway & Co.)
F. W. BROWN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Eye and Ear diseases successfully treated.
Special attention given to Throat and
Lung diseases. Diseases of Women and
Children, and Surgical Cases a specialty.
OFFICE HOURS:
Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
WILLIAM COFFREN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW
AND SOLIDITY CHANCERY,
WINDHAM, CONN.
Practices in all the Courts of Law and Equity, in this
State, and in the District, Circuit and Supreme
Courts of the United States. All business related
to a case will be attended to, and success-
fully accomplished as far as depends upon his effec-
tiveness.
BUSINESS CARDS.
W. B. SNYDER.
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, SANDY HOOK.
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.
All Repairing receives prompt and careful at-
tention. Prices uniformly as low as consistent
with good goods and workmanship.
FINE VIOLIN STRINGS FOR SALE.
MINOTT AUGUR.
SANDY HOOK MARKET.
DEALER IN
Fresh & Cured Meats, &c.
Near the Bridge,
Sandy Hook, Conn.
Terms: Cash.
D. M. REYNOLDS,
PAINTER.
Graining, Paper Hanging, Kalsomining,
Frescoing and Painting in all its
branches done with dis-
patch.
Residence, Newtown, Conn.
PICTURE FRAMES
Made to order, at the shortest notice, and
on most Reasonable Terms.
Call and see me.
R. N. BETTS.
SANDY HOOK.
D. W. SNYDER,
Horse-Shoer and General Blacksmith,
(Near the Grist-mill),
SANDY HOOK, Conn.
Sole agent for "Stone-cutters" and "Masons' hammers" made
to order. Working in steel a specialty. Repair-
ing done neatly and promptly.
A. F. SMITH,
PAINTER.
Paper Hanging, Kalsomining,
Painting and Graining
Done at the shortest notice, and in the best
manner.
NEWTOWN, Conn.
CHARLES JONAS,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Main Street, Newtown, Conn.
Calls the attention of the citizens of this town and vic-
inity to his new stock of goods, which he has on hand,
at his Store in Glover's building.
He will make All Wool pants to order for \$3.75, and
Whole Suits for \$14.00. Give him a call, and see for
yourself.
Cutting done at the shortest notice.
CHARLES RININSLAND.
BARBER SHOP, AND LADIES'
HAIR DRESSING EMPORIUM.
Corner of Main and West Sts., Newtown.
Shaving, Shampooing and Hair Dressing done
in the most artistic style.
The ladies are requested to examine specimens
of work, such as Switches, Braids, Curls, Puffs,
etc. Ladies can have their combings made up.
REAR BARBER SHOP
In Sandy Hook, opened every Wednesday and
Saturday afternoon. Shop next to the Post Office

POETRY.

AN ANSWER TO "A BACHELOR'S GROWL."

(WRITTEN FOR THE BEE.)
I'm a jolly old maid,
Wrinkled and gray;
I'm less than a hundred
Many a day.
I'm happy as can be
All the day long—
For crusty old bachelors
Don't care a fig!
So, dear old "bachelor,"
With your endless sighs,
Your moat of clothes,
And frost-bitten toes,
Don't think that each spinster
That decently treats you,
Is crazy to marry.
The first time he meets you,
First, throw off conceit—
You have met; that your share—
Let your thoughts rise higher
Than putting your hair:
Speed less of your time
In smoking and drinking—
Gambling, and such like,
Are not, to my thinking,
The best of the world.
I partly the traits to make
The "bachelor's growl"
Worthy of wedding
The best of the nation,
So don't be afraid
"That widow" will love you—
If the truth you must know
She looks far above you,
And can care for herself
Better, far better—
Such a second as you would
Prove only a fetter.
Let all you old bachelors
Lead sober lives:
Then look to your morals,
First for your wives.
—Edith from "Old Maids' Hall."

Selected Stories.

What it Meant.

A ruinous old mill, with the sunset
throwing a lurid gleam over its mouldy
sides and moss-grown roof, and two
young men facing each other in the full
stream of the crimson light where it fell
from a wide aperture in the western
wall. Outside, a decaying platform over-
looking the river, dark, rapid and deep,
in one quiet eddy of which a cork danced
and floated lily on the waves.
One of those confronting faces was
stamped with horror and grief unspeak-
able; the other, stern, demonic,
exalting, murderous.
"Your own last break has sealed your
doom. I tell you now that I have al-
ways hated you with all my heart. Do
you need to ask why? Because you had
it in your power to shower benefits upon
me—because you were planning to balk
me of all I have schemed for years to
possess, and because the whim which
induced you to make your will in Alma
Eruth's favor has left the way clear
for me to get both the girl I love and
the fortune I have envied you, when the
slight impediment of your life is remov-
ed from the way. She is in love with
you now, and she has no great liking for
me, but women have been in worse hu-
mors; and this woman shall find her-
self easily won."
Thus Felix Rath, pouring forth the
bitterness which had festered in his evil
heart revealing himself in his hideous
moral deformity to Elmer Noble, who
had held him as his dearest friend. The
stupor of horror which had bound the
latter so far, broke.
"Heaven preserve her from such a
fate. Heaven will defend your villainous
purpose; it will never be permitted you
to do this terrible crime."
"Will it not? We shall soon see how
far heaven will interfere."
Quick as a flash his arm went up and
the heavy cane he carried descended with
a dull thud upon the other's head. The
force of the blow sent Noble staggering
backward through the aperture and out
upon the tottering platform. The rot-
ten timbers creaked, creaked, disunited,
and then gave away. There was a con-
fused scene for a moment of the black
water stirred and agitated by the debris,
from the midst of which a white, death-
like face gleamed forth and then was
struck downward by a falling beam.
Rath, peering down to make sure that
his victim had not escaped him, saw it all.
"If he had the strength of Samson he
could not get out with all that weight
pinning him down," he muttered, as he
turned away. "He is gone, and my way
is clear."
And below, the cork on the pool bob-
bed up and down, and disappeared, and
after an interval came to the surface
again, as the dinky prize fought its battle

with hook and glittering bait, and made
its escape for lack of the angler's skilful
hand.
"Our poor friend is dead, Alma. To
think otherwise is only to hope against
hope. You know as well as I how the
dread of some impending evil hung over
him; you know it drove him to what
is a strange step for so young a man to
take—the making of his will, and set-
tling of all his worldly affairs. You
know, also, what I am forced to believe,
that in one of his desponding moods he
destroyed himself. What else could his
solemn charge to me have meant?"
"You have told me what that was, Mr.
Rath. If anything happens, see that
Alma's future is assured as I have pro-
vided for it, Felix. Tell her not to grieve
too much, and may heaven bless her
when she makes another and better
choice, as I would wish her to do soon."
Those were his very words.
"His very words," assented Rath.
"It was the misfortune of his gloomy
nature to be always assailed by doubts.
It would be useless to follow the course
of reasoning which may have driven him
to his unhappy fate. As his executor I
am bound to carry out the conditions of
his will, and at the same time obey his
last charge. And Alma, Alma! listen
to my love, hopeless while he lived. Your
grief is my grief too, my love, and all
my life will be too short to show you
the depth of my devotion."

He rose from his chair and came to-
wards her as he uttered that passionate
appeal, but, with a sudden upthrust of
her hand, Alma waved him back. She,
too, arose.
For the first time he observed the glit-
ter of excitement, strongly repressed,
which was in her eyes, its glow staining
her cheeks brilliant carnine, and a hint
of it breaking her smooth, low tones.
"This is not the first time you have
spoken of your love, premature as you
doubtless know such a declaration must
be, instead of blessing my choice, should
it fall upon you, do you think Elmer
would have cause to pray, if he knew
of this? Heaven preserve her from such
a fate!"
The words struck Rath like a galvanic
shock, and before he could recover him-
self to reply, she went on passionately—
"Once and for all you shall have your
answer, Felix Rath. You shall learn all
that your perjury has availed you." She
turned her face, radiant now with a look
he could not understand, and called
softly, "Elmer, love." And, as if her
voice had power to pierce beyond the
grave, Elmer Noble stood before them.
Was it Elmer? What did this mean?
Rath drew his breath back, ice-cold
drops started out upon his forehead as
he stared in terror and doubt that re-
solved itself into certainty, as the other
spoke.
"Do you need any further answer, Fel-
ix? Need I say that while I live I will
relieve you of all further trouble regard-
ing either my future bride or the dispo-
sal of my wealth? be assured."
Rath, with a cry of rage and disap-
pointment, started forward.
"Who are you?" he demanded. "Not
Elmer Noble; that I know. Alma, you
cannot be so deceived. This fellow is
an impostor, like him, indeed, but no
more Noble than I am."
"Then I would be left of all nobility
indeed," responded the other with pro-
voking coolness. Then, sternly, "Go
your way, and remember that a blow
upon the head and a plunge in the river
do not always kill my friend."

Livid, gasping, baffled, yet uncon-
vinced, Rath made a final appeal.
"Alma, can you acknowledge this fel-
low in Elmer's stead?"
Her calm gaze met his steadily.
"I know him to be Elmer. As if I
could be deceived!"
"And one might not think it wise of
you, of all men, to doubt my identity,"
said he in companionary grimace.
"But don't let that old, and in the long
watch of the night which followed, he
studied out the explanations of all which
seemed most mysterious to him. This
man who called himself by Noble's name
knew all that had transpired at the mill
on that fatal night; he had been there,
an unsuspected witness of his crime. He
was making use of this knowledge for
his own ends, but he, Rath, would not
be outdone by a scheming villain like
himself. The same means which had
proved successful in the other's hands
might win for him yet.
When he presented himself at Miss
Eruth's house again he was refused ad-
mission. A week had not gone by until
he learned that a quiet marriage was
on the tapis there, and with all the bitterness
of his vindictive nature he followed the
course he had already decided upon.

On the morning of the wedding day he
was there again, with a companion, this
time, and forced his way past the hesi-
tating servant as one who had a right. He
sent a penciled demand to Alma, which
she answered by appearing upon Noble's
arm.
"You do not believe my word regard-
ing this impostor, I have brought you
proof. Perkins, my man, tell your story
to this lady as you have already told it
to me."
Perkins was a most disreputable speci-
men of the genus tramp, by his look, and
thus attired, he repeated his lesson with
glib and thorough hardihood. He had
been fishing from the bank opposite the
mill, had witnessed the altercation of
two men within the structure, had seen
one strike the other a blow and fling him
along with the falling platform into the
river. The man before him was the mur-
derer; he was ready to swear to it, and
for proof, why there was the body yet at
the bottom of the river.

"And, ugly business as it is," resumed
Rath, with ill-concealed triumph, "the
bridegroom must be arrested on his
bridal morn. You need not look about you
with the thought of escape, sir; there are
officers without preparing to take you in
charge."
"First let me rectify one slight mis-take
you have made," said the other with re-
markable coolness. "I am not the prin-
cipal intended for this happy occasion;
allow me to present to you the bride-
groom, Elmer Noble, in all reality."
He threw open a door as he spoke, dis-
closing the wasted, shadow semblance of
one whose indolent Rath could not
doubt—a figure reduced by illness and
suffering, with bandaged forehead, and
repulsive eyes turned upon that false
friend and would-be-murderer.
"That will do," said the speaker, as
Alma left him and flitted to Elmer's side
while all Rath's brazen effrontery was
not enough to sustain him in the face of
this unforeseen event. "We have got the
better of your game Mr. Rath, and the
owner you get out of this with that
wretched tool of yours—his face will
hang him yet. I say, it is a prophesy—
the better it will be for you."

They slunk away at his bidding, ab-
equally despicable and thoroughly dis-
gusted pair.
Diphtheria.
A CURE WHICH HAS ALMOST WHOLLY RE-
MOVED THE FATALITY OF THE DISEASE.
The Scientific American says: Dr. E.
N. Chapman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has
discovered an antidote to the poison of
diphtheria, by which the percentage of
deaths is reduced to less than one in fifty.
Statistics show that the percentage
of recoveries in cases treated under the
usual practice is about thirteen, or eighty-
seven out of a hundred sufferers suc-
cumb to the fell disease.
Diphtheria first appeared in this coun-
try in 1858. Dr. Chapman in 1859 found
several cases and became distrustful of
regular methods. He had been using
alcohol in the cure of ship fever, and he
determined, though contrary to all rules,
to try it in diphtheria. To his surprise
several of his patients recovered. He
then tried quinia, and found that it acted
well but not quickly. At last he settled
upon a combination of the two, alcohol and
quinia, and with these remedies, he
claims that diphtheria is more amenable
to treatment than many common diseases.
In an epidemic such as diphtheria, all
are effected by the morbid agent, but a
few only yield to it. Mature vigorous
persons have vitality enough to resist
the disease. Children and young adults
are the usual subjects. Dr. Chapman
considers that there is almost always
suppressed a local and direct exciting
cause, such as defective exercise, improp-
er diet, dark rooms, damp houses, im-
perfect ventilation, and poisonous em-
issions from decomposing filth in priv-
ies, cesspools, sewer pipes, etc. To such
agencies the strongest constitution will
soon succumb. The blood being deterio-
rated, its crisis is impaired and its vi-
tality lowered; and then the sympathetic
nerves, failing to receive due stimulus,
waver in their efforts to carry on the
animal functions.
"All local treatment," he says, "is
worse than useless. It exhausts the
nervous force and induces greater injunc-
tion of the blood vessels, thus favoring the
exudation."
"Alcohol neutralizes the diphtheritic
poison, sets free the nerves of animal
life, subdues the fever and inflammation,
destroys the pathogen that sustains the
membrane, cuts short the disease, con-
quers its sequelae, and shields other mem-
bers of the family from an attack. Upon

the subsidence of the fever, as is usually
the case in from 24 to 36 hours, puru-
lent secretion begins to loosen the mem-
brane, and soon hereafter, to detach it
in flaky rugged fragments. This process
may take place and recovery be possible,
even when the larynx and trachea are
implicated. The membrane is seldom
renewed, when this secretion is main-
tained by a steady use of the remedy.
Alcohol is as antagonistic to diphtheria
as belladonna to opium, or quinia to
malaria. Like any other antidote, it
must be given promptly at the outset, or
otherwise its potency will be lessened,
perhaps lost altogether."
"Alcohol does not act as a stimulant,
nor induce any of its ordinary effects.
Enough may be given to cause profound
intoxication in health and yet there ex-
ists no signs of excitement or odor in the
breath."

Quinia is an efficient ally to alcohol.
It energizes the ganglionic system, and
thus enables the organism to right itself
and resume its function.
Dr. Chapman sustains his position by
citing numerous cases in which this treat-
ment was successful. He states that, in
his long experience, he only knew of one
case where drunkard had the diphtheria.
He generally gives the alcohol in that
form of whiskey.

Love's Young Dream.

HOW THE TURTLE Doves ACT AT TABLE.
The Breakfast Table says: A bridal
couple, with more style about them than
a grass widow, honored the Indiana
House with their presence two or three
days during the past week. They gave
the dining-room a mighty tony look by
sneering in at neat time arrayed in their
new clothes, with white gloves on, and
when old man Ryman first saw them he
took one square look and then set down
his coffee-pot and went out into the kit-
chen and laughed until his eyeballs felt
pained. In that supreme moment he
felt that he was paid ten times over with
compound interest for all the trials, vexa-
tions and unpaid board bills encountered
in his hotel experience since he left the
old farm.
When the dining room girl got her face
straight enough to get behind their chairs
and say—
"Roast beef, roast pork, lamb, chicken
or fish?"
The bridegroom said, "Chicken
and fish," but the bride, with the charac-
teristic presence of mind for which her
sex has never been noted, interposed—
"Oh, no, duckie dear; we can't take
any of that; for, don't you know, bidgy-
whiggy, I would muss our gloves up?
We'll have to have something we can
eat with our knives and forks."
"So we will, bony-blue-eyes—I never
thought of that. What do you say to
roast beef, then, huxy-puxy? Can we
get some of that, sweetie?" asked the hap-
py man.
"No, no—Jary. It's always tough,
and we might splash the gravy and soil
our clothes, don't you see, honey-dew?
Let's take lamb, poortie, that's always
tender. I don't care much about it, but
it cuts so easy, lovely, and I expect their
knives are as dull as a hoe," remarked
the bride.
"Well, I don't care, pussy; whatever
you say, for I suppose we've got to keep
up appearances; but darn my buttons,
sugar-lump, if I ain't got a confounded
big notion to peel off these mittens an'
wade into some 'o that 'ere chicken and
fish, for I'm all-kilum' fond of it, an'
these blue things sweat my hands so,
dooey-pooey, an' pucker an' draw wore so
a sticking-plaster, and hang me if I don't
almost console they've blistered my fin-
gers all up."

"No, no—never, goosey, don't do that
for the world, or everybody'll know
we're from the country, an' maybe they'll
put us in the papers, hussy dear, an'
wouldn't that be awful?"
And the young wife had her own way
about it, as they always do.

The Philosopher.

BETTER IN PRECEPT THAN EXAMPLE.
"What better drink could a man have,"
said a philosopher to a small knot of ad-
miring bar room friends, "than the pure
and sparkling water found everywhere
in this town? On this New Year's day
let the infants and boozemongers have
their beating wines—we have our cool
and health-giving water.
We read that Darius, put to flight by
Alexander, drank puddle water to quench
his thirst, and it was pleasant, he
swore, than any wine or mead. How
much better off, then, are we than the
great Darius; we who may drink every
drop of pure water."
Circulated on March paper.